Sierra 117's Last Moments

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Summary: This is just a poem I wrote about Sierra 117 a.k.a. Master Chief and what might've happened had he not been a Spartan.

# Sierra 117's Last Moments

_**Describing People Poem**_

_The boy looked around the park he'd just entered._

_He threaded his way through the crowds flashing lights, _

_his hand in the pocket of his jeans. _

_the young man sat on a wooden bench,_

_about him was a relaxed air._

_An older man walked by,_

_staring at the inky blackness,_

_that was the nighttime sky. _

_Yet, the young boy on the bench,_

_had not yet noticed the old mans' passing._

_His emrald eyes staring blankly into never-ending blackness._

End
file.